

EXTRA FANCIES-THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Mrs. Justwed Visits "Mommer"

WHEN Mrs. Justwed first suggested that she visit her mother, for a week or so, Mr. J. frowned. When she dilated upon the solemn obligation resting upon her not to allow her marriage to make herself and her mother total strangers—simply because she happened to live in one city and her mother in another some eighty miles distant—Mr. Justwed came out frankly and flatly and stated that he thought the whole thing absurd and a luxury far beyond the logical expenditure of their income.

But, when Mrs. Justwed suggested that since she felt that way about it, "Mommer" might just as well visit them—Mr. Justwed capitulated so quickly that Mrs. J. was sorely puzzled.

And her wondrous grew each day, for Mr. J. became the proposed trip at breakfast, at dinner and even while reading the evening paper around their "teatime" mission table in the living room. Perhaps it was merely to call Mrs. J.'s attention to an advertisement of some thing or other that she simply ought to have for the journey—but pause he did, in his reading, and explain—whereas Mr. J. usually grew hopelessly peevish and irritable if interrupted in his perusal of the news.

He brought home timetables galore. He wrote to "Mommer" himself, stating exactly what time Mrs. J. would arrive and expanded and amplified the utter horror and despair Mrs. J. would experience should she, by any chance, arrive at the station and find no one there to meet her. He walked to the bank of a morning, got out an old pipe and cut out cigars, and insisted that Mrs. J. provide but the plainest of food for the week preceding the journey—in order to insure the means to finance the trip.

And Mrs. Justwed's wonder grew each day. Indeed, it seemed that Homer-dear was anxious for her to go that week. That never did! Could it be that he planned a wild week of hilarity with the boon companions of his days of single blessedness? Did he become so homesick for a glorious opportunity to kick over the traces in one grand, woolly hooray? Hardly. But it was difficult to understand Homer-dear's very apparent joy as the time of departure drew near. Any one would admit that.

At last the eventful day arrived. Mr. J. hurried home from the bank an hour before closing time—to be with Mrs. Justwed every moment until her train left in the late afternoon. Mr. J. was jubilant—remembering, however, to



mourn the separation every now and then with appropriate remorse. Mrs. J. had an out-and-out case of cold feet and the blues.

The trunk had long since been dispatched and they were putting the remaining odds and ends into Mrs. J.'s suitcase.

"Oh, I don't believe I want to go at all, Homer-dear," sighed Mrs. J. "I'll be so lonely without you."

"And I without you, Blossom-sweet," Mr. J. smiled back.

"Will you miss me very much, Homer, w-e-y much?" asked Mrs. J. Justwed for the hundredth time in two hours.

"Miss you?" Mr. J. exclaimed, for precisely the same number of times, "miss you! Well, I just guess, yes! Why I'll be like a fish out of water, a monk away from his cloister, a-a-a man without a country! Miss you! How can you ask such a silly, foolish question?"

Mrs. Justwed stopped short in her packing, then dropped the whole room and hand-mirror decisively.

"I am not going, Homer!" she declared.

"What!" cried Mr. J. "I am not going!" reiterated Mrs. J. "I am not going!" I simply will not leave you for a whole week! I'll write Mommer right away and tell her to come on!"

Mr. Justwed sank on the bed in a heap.

Built Her Own House.

ONE hears so much nowadays of self-made men that it is refreshing, indeed, to hear of a self-made woman. Down in Kansas there is a young woman who has actually constructed a nine-room house by her own labor. She knew nothing of carpenter work when she began, but necessity proved the mother of invention with a vengeance in her case and she was soon able to disprove the libelous statement that no woman can drive a nail straight.

She started in with just \$7 and purchased her 100-foot lot on credit. Upon this she built with her own hands a two-story frame house, also buying the lumber on the promise of small monthly payments. She took in two other women to board with her and in this manner was able to make her monthly payments and purchase a corner on the same plan. She sold milk, satisfied her boarders,

and took in washing. After some few months she had cleared her indebtedness sufficiently to justify an enlargement of the house. Accordingly, she dug the new foundation, set up the frame, plastered and papered the walls and laid the floor. Then she made a lawn, planted fruit trees and flower beds and set her house in order. And all of this was done on a capital of \$7—by a woman.

CLEAN BATHS.

NO matter how careful a housekeeper is in doing her work, there is generally a stain on the bottom of the bathtub, which will not give way to soap and water. Powdered pumice stone, which can be procured at most of the hardware stores, will immediately remove the stain, and leave the enamel white and shining.

"Why—why—Blossom!" he gurgled, catching his breath, "that is foolish! Here you have an opportunity for a nice trip"—etc.—"You need a rest from household cares"—etc.—"You are going for a short while only"—etc.—"Mommer would never understand"—etc.—and a whole lot more just like it.

Though Mrs. J. was obdurate, Homer-dear pleaded eloquently—presenting a thousand and one reasons why "Mommer" should not be asked at the eleventh hour. Finally Mrs. Justwed dried her eyes and went silently, mournfully about her arrangements.

The final obsequies were performed in a gloom as black as midnight, and Mrs. J. left the apartment, with one last fond look behind, as one who bids adieu to all that is best and dearest in life and sets out for trackless sands and wastes unknown.

At the station Mrs. Justwed almost fainted. Mr. J., fevered, nervous, anxious, talked and talked and talked of the pleasures awaiting her. As an artistic touch he threw in the joy of seeing "Mommer" once more.

"Now listen, Homer," Mrs. J. insisted, seizing her opportunity, "it isn't fair that I should see Mommer and you shouldn't—it's selfish of me, very selfish!"

"Huh!" gasped Mr. J. "what's that?"

"I say," continued Mrs. Justwed, "that if I stay home and write Mommer to come on then—then both of us will have the pleasure of being with her. You see?"

Mr. Justwed reached for the wall for support.

"Yes—yes, to be sure! To be sure!"

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he stammered, "that would be fine, Blossom—but it's too late now!"

And he fairly beat it for the ticket office to purchase Mrs. J.'s passage.

Ten minutes later he emerged, hot and disheveled, from the crowd, showing line and rushed back to where he had left her. The suitcase was there—but not Mrs. Justwed!

Homer-dear looked wildly around. Ah! There she was! At the telegraph window! He rushed over.

"What in the world are you doing, Blossom?" he cried.

"I—I—I'm sending a wire to Mommer, to come on and—" she started to explain, when the announcer belated out, in his deep-sea voice, the name of the town where "Mommer" lived.

And Mr. J. was right on the job! He grabbed the suitcase in one hand and the ticket and Mrs. J. in the other and hustled them out through the gate.

Before Mrs. Justwed could compose herself she was being helped aboard the train by her desperate Homer-dear.

At the top step she turned.

"I just know you're crazy for me to go!" she cried, "but I'm coming back the day after tomorrow—and bring Mommer with me! I simply won't stay!"

And the train pulled out with Mrs. J. in imminent risk of injury, waving a long, fond, sorrowful adieu from the platform.

Mr. Justwed wiped his perspiring brow.

"Whew!" he breathed, "that was close!"

Then he went straight to the telegraph window and sent the following wire to "Mommer":

"Blossom on route. Will be over myself next week. Keep her until I come. Homer."

"Hum-m-m," mused Mr. Justwed, as he left the station, "I can change my mind in a week—but so can Mommer, doggone it!"

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To keep cool in Hot Weather.

AT this season of the year the average man and woman are trying to keep cool. It is not the heat of midsummer that offends, but the tressome, irritable heat of a humid spring that puts everyone out of sorts. The mornings are fine and refreshing, but by evening the spring fever and that nasty, tired, sticky feeling has gotten in its work. There are certain rules that the average woman can follow but if she makes up her mind to do so, and keep cool and healthy during the trying spring heat.

Above all keep the blood cool. One way to do this is to keep the head cool, and by this is meant to always control your temper, no matter what the provocation may be. Hard, isn't it? But not so hard if you're patient.

If your husband comes home tired and drowsy and in a nasty temper after a hard day's work, do not be discouraged if he falls to greet you cheerfully. Remember that he has had to contend with the trials of a day. Things may have gone wrong with him, perhaps.

Be sunny at all times, keep your blood as far away from the fever heat as possible. Meet the old sorehead at the door as though he were the only man that ever lived and try to treat him accordingly. If he grunts over the dinner, smile and mean it. If he scowls because particular care hasn't been taken of little Jack's hair or dress or shoes or stockings remind him that Jack is just such a perfect child—and that he was having such a good time that you simply couldn't disturb him in his merriment.

This is the best way in the world to

be cool. Never argue, never get cross, never let yourself feel that you must be cross.

There are also many physical laws for keeping cool, of course, that should be obeyed. Dress lightly. By this is not meant to show yourself around the street as though you are a lost addition of

Salome, but wear everything a well poised woman should and see that everything is in the best of taste. There are many different ways in which a woman can dress herself in perfect taste and yet be quite cool. The most ridiculous of fashion's follies is the existing one that compels a woman to wear so many pounds of hair that nature never endowed her with in order to meet the necessities of the glaring, glaring, unnecessary, ugly, impossible-looking hat. This chronicler says that the over commission and overpressure but will not last throughout the season. For he is said that women are getting to that point, at least in this country, where they throw fashion aside when fashion goes just one step too far in interfering with their comfort.

Diet is, of course, a very important factor in the work of keeping cool. Instead of consuming all sorts of impossible and injurious foods, women should take a lesson from the animal kingdom. They should not eat anything that in

any way interferes with their natural facilities of digestion. Fats and starches of all kinds should be tabooed, not only for the woman herself, but for every member of the family. This is not a mere keeping cool device. It is an absolute health rule in all warm climates. The markets are flooded with delicious vegetables of all kinds. There are tomatoes, lettuce, endives, onions and other vegetables that can be placed on the table and which your husband will enjoy more than the meats and starch foods with which you have fed him all winter.

If you don't know what it is to keep cool in the summer keep your temper right, wear sensible clothes and diet right and then you will begin to feel your blood coursing through your veins easily enough and warmly enough to make you cool and everybody around you happy.

Refreshingly Scents.

EVERYONE who can afford to spend a nickel takes a long car ride at this season of the year. Suppose the next time you are going to take a ride you select a car line that takes you out in the country where there is a woods. Get off of the car and gather a branch of hickory and bring it home with you and you will be surprised at the delightful odor the leaves give out for a week, which suggests all of the country delights the poets sing of. Of course, pine has a delightfully beautiful odor but the ordinary pine is not what is used for pine pillows, as the needles are too coarse, and are uncomfortable to lie upon. The variety of pine that gives out that delightful aromatic odor has very fine, soft needles, and can be used in summer instead of a pillow.

Fashionable boot-makers decided that women should wear common-sense heels this season. Even the most casual observer might notice that women made a decision entirely different.

Sit At Your Work.

WHILE it isn't possible to do so with every phase of the housekeeper's work, a number of tasks may be accomplished as well sitting as standing. Unless one is trained to it, standing is very tiresome to the average woman. Sitting is a rest for the back at least. And every household task that can possibly be performed in that attitude should be done so. Scrubbing, sweeping and bed-making, of course, must be done while standing, but there are other things that do not demand this.

Take ironing for instance. Purchase or have made a light high stool, just the right height to give a satisfactory purchase on the iron. After one or two experiments you will discover that you can iron just as well this way as bending over the board. There are a thousand and one other household duties, such as kneading bread, mixing things in the kitchen, dusting various ornaments and chairs, cleaning silver, etc., that may be done just as well sitting as standing. When one has been in the habit of standing, no little difficulty will be experienced at first. But if persevered in the new habit will quickly supplant the old.

Handy Shelves.

IN almost every house there is a closet built in the wall there are a few shelves arranged at the time of building, but these shelves are not always just what the housekeeper finds handy for her use. The shelves are very often either too wide apart or too close. If the occupant of the house is merely a renter, a change of the shelves would be unwise, but the owner can at small cost change the closet shelves to suit her convenience. Many houses are so built that a wardrobe is unsightly and very much in the way. In that case there must be provision made in the closet for the hangers, etc. One side of the closet should be arranged with shelves from the top nearly to the bottom; the center and outer end of the closet for suits and dresses. In the bedrooms one or two of the corners could be provided with corner shelves. Any carpenter can make them in a very little time out of two pieces of medium-sized boards. From the top shelf can be draped some of the new cotton goods which are now so plentiful in the stores and make a house look charming. Along the ledge of the bottom shelf screw hooks can be put in, and many articles which have heretofore lumbered up the dressing-case may be within easy reach and at the same time out of sight.

Good Luck in Disguise.

A PECULIAR case of good luck in disguise came to my notice the other day," remarked a well-known business man in New York recently, "and I cannot help but think that the same thing must occur with many young men who are just beginning to make a place for

themselves in the world. Incidentally I myself gained from the episode a cheering thought and lots of encouragement. There is a certain young man I know who two years ago had worked himself up to a position in a large mercantile firm which paid him \$150 a month. He had held the position about three years, but during that time had lived almost up to his salary, saving not more than \$10 to \$15 a month. Two years ago he was threatened with unemployment and in consequence took a great deal more sick leave than any other employee. The firm was sympathetic, but business was business, and eventually they were compelled to reluctantly discharge him. He was all in, down and out, and I have never seen a more complete case of hopeless discouragement. With but a few hundred dollars in bank, he could see nothing ahead of him. Today—two years afterwards—I received a letter from him. He enclosed a check for one-third of the comparatively small amount of money I had loaned him, and stated that he was doing the same thing with the three other men who came to his assistance at the time he lost his position. On borrowed capital he had gone to a Western city and started a truck farm about a dozen miles from its outskirts. With the personal assistance of a brother of his, who had previously learned farming at home, he had made sufficient to pay back one-third of his total indebtedness. More than that, he wrote, he was in excellent health and would not go back to his old position for double the money. All of which goes to show that when a man is knocked off his feet he isn't down and out unless he is willing to be."

The Bulletin Board Habit.

DID you ever try the interesting experiment of standing opposite one of the bulletin boards of any large newspaper and count the number of people who passed without stopping to look at it? Such an experiment may surprise you. You will find that four out of every five men simply cannot pass without doing so, and the fifth man looks over his shoulder as he is passing. The bulletin board has become a habit with the American people. It is the quick way of getting the news of the world up to the minute. Even the most strenuous of business men do not feel that the minute or so they spend before the bulletin board is passing is time lost. It gives them the news in a jiffy, and they are not behind the day's events, even though they do not find time to read a paper thoroughly. The habit has already been contracted by young America, who is interested in the baseball score, if nothing else on the bulletin board. And the women! They, too, are falling into line. Stand in front of one of the bulletin boards tomorrow for even five minutes and count the number of women who do not hesitate to stop for a moment in passing to read the news.

Concerning the Beard.

WHETHER you wear a beard or not, you will be interested in following the curious facts about this hirsute adornment. In Biblical times the beard was a necessity, as its absence was considered a sign of leprosy. Because Philip V. of Spain was unable to grow a beard the gentlemen of his court scratched their own in order to save their sovereign embarrassment. When Cleo was exiled the young men of Rome let their beards grow as a sign of mourning. An attempt was made to place a tax on beards by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth of England, but public sentiment was so strongly against it that the attempt was dropped. During the reign of James I. it was quite the proper thing to trim the beard in fantastic shapes; even animals were so represented. While the priests of the Roman Catholic Church do not wear beards, those of the Greek Church consider the beard a priestly necessity. The troublesome custom of shaving came originally from Egypt. The Greeks shaved after they had been conquered by the Romans. And the Romans shaved during the decline of the empire. In the present day some medical authorities claim that the beard is unhealthy, since it catches germs which are kept alive by the warmth of the breath, while others contend it is a protection to the throat from diseases of the larynx.

Care of the Feet.

MUCH suffering from the feet may be avoided if a few simple precautions are conscientiously taken. Shoes not only of the right size, but of the right shape as well, should be worn. They should be thoroughly comfortable. If one has what is called tender feet a sufficient quantity of antiseptic cotton should be placed over the sore spots when putting on the stockings. This is easily done if the stocking is first turned wrong side out and then drawn over the foot. The cotton acts as a pad and prevents the shoe from rubbing. When your feet ache dip them in warm water for awhile and then rub them with white vasoline. It softens the flesh. An application of talcum powder afterwards is very refreshing.

About The Modern Office Building.

IT isn't often that the average business man pauses a moment and forms a mental comparison between the present day magnificent office buildings and those of a quarter of a century ago. Today they are gigantic, sky-scraping structures fitted with every convenience and built like the Rock of Gibraltar. Twenty-five years ago the majority of offices were but dingy old buildings with but few of the modern conveniences.

The same difference is impressive concerning the care of the office buildings. In years gone by there was but a single janitor, who managed to clean the various rooms of an office building piece by piece during the week. Today, however, each room in the tallest skyscraper is cleaned every 24 hours, and the janitor in charge has a large corps of assistants. The entire work is so systematized that

each assistant has a certain number of rooms for which he is responsible.

More than that, a close watch is kept upon the tenants of the various offices by the watchman. Unless you have an office in a building and are known to the man on guard you will not be allowed to go above the first floor on a Sunday or a holiday. In many buildings each floor is patrolled by a watchman at definite intervals during the night. Most of the cleaning is done after 6 o'clock in the evening, and the tenant comes down to his office the next morning to find that it has been cleaned, apparently by unseen hands. The janitor's assistants and a large score of scrub-women fall upon the offices simultaneously, and the entire building—even one with 300 rooms—is cleaned completely in an hour. The waste paper is removed, the cuspidors are washed, and even the wood-work is given a thorough cleaning. Often the force will return early in the morning and give the rooms an extra thorough cleaning. The cleaning of the windows is usually done at this hour, and the average office building has its windows washed at least once a week. Every other week the ornamental work of the balcony is carefully cleaned with soft cloths and oiled. Eternal vigilance is the price of a desirable office building—from the standpoint of cleanliness—and the warfare against dirt is waged incessantly.

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